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muffmonsters

on **PROZAC**



HELLO. I like doing cartoons and imposing my mongrel philosophies on the world. So I made this fanzine. It's been fun playing with scissors and glue without help from an adult.

"ISMS" are everywhere.
socialism / capitalism / pessimism / cynicism /
feminism / terrorism / fatalism / alcoholism /
lesbianism / utopianism / idealism / fundamentalism
Labels push us apart more often than bringing
us together. Neat little boxes stink of laziness.
convenient name-tags too narrow and stereotyped
to say anything about an individual's reality.

I used to say I was a lesbian but, besides the fact
that I have little in common with ancient Greek
amazons, "lesbian" says very little about who I am.
These days I prefer to say I'm queer.

I'm "queer" because I'm "odd".
I'm "odd" because I dislike a lot of the shit I see
around me, and, at 25, still believe I can help
to change things. Naïve? Perhaps. Mistaken?
Maybe. Hopeful? DEFINITELY!

I like breakfast at 2 p.m., Zen philosophy,
women with strong hands, fake fur and have
been known to cry whilst listening to Barry Manilow.
That's MY reality. Yours will be different.
Maybe you're odd too. Maybe you're happy being "queer".
Mis-shapes / odd-balls / mind-fucks / weirdos /
subversives / shit-stirrers / freaks / lesbians / faggots
(labels, labels, everywhere...) not prepared to trade
personal truths for an easy life.

Stay angry but optimistic.
Take the bull by the horns and say
"THEY'RE NOT THAT SHARP..."
You're beautiful.

Ruth x

Through some minor cosmic fuck-up I
was dropped on this planet - (Greetings
fellow Earthlings "g") - at essence life's
as accidental and unfathomable as that.
I'm a dire romantic and wish that the
point of life was love but I think it may
be empathy. We are undoubtedly egotistical
entities, but as flowers in the desert we
wouldn't even know we existed. Every
encounter we have with another person
(through whatever medium) gives us an
opportunity to express who we are, or part
of who we are, or who we have become
through previous encounters or the possi-
bility of who we may become through this
and future encounters. We are not who
we are without each other, we will never
know who we would have been without
each other, or know if that were anything.
Existence is an exchange of self. Every-
one we meet is an unfinished book. We
are each a point of reference for the
other. We are similar creatures, random
combinations of the same stuff.

Oddly we are united on
the point of difference -
those who love it and those
who dread it to the point of
hatred. This is where it
gets complicated, where
division sets in, isms
take over and pharisaical
visions vie for control.



Anyway this zine is
simply how I see it, or
some of it. I'd like to
thank everyone I've
encountered (and those
I will encounter) who
has had (or will have)
a significant influence
in making me into an
incredibly confused
individual. Hay, you
never know, it may be
(or have been) you!
Open your mind to the
possibilities of yourself
and never fear the
difference.

Lionel X

RUTH WOULD
LIKE TO THANK.....
DODO, WOOLLY,
TARA, WEBBERS,
SAMMI + PUSHKIN,
ALI-PEAR.
SPECIAL THANKS
TO THE EVER
WONDERFUL CLAIRE
AND TO PAULA
FOR THE RESOURCES

Thank you to my
Parents (D&G) for
pretending not to
mind, To Michelle
and Siobhan for
their encouragement,
To Sharon for the
same and offers
of / help on the
big day, To Hannah
for your trouble
with "I" and me,
To Sheila P. for the
original seeds of
worth, To Sean (?)
who knows who
she is, for the
scent of eternity.
And welcome,
Chloe and Zack,
to the big, bad
& beautiful
world!
Love & Hope
Nations



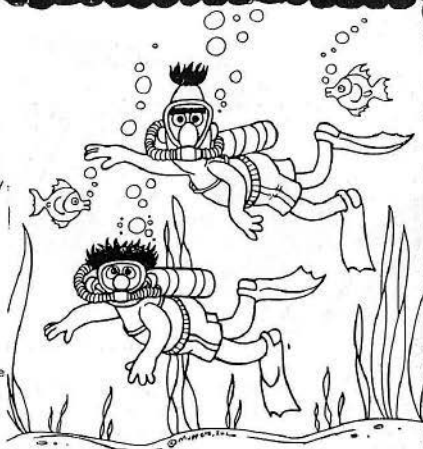
when i was 10 i wanted to live somewhere other than the housing estate where snotty nosed kids called me fatty. i wanted to live where being fat and having your head in the clouds was cool, where it was okay to just be yourself. i wanted to live on sesame street. yup, i admit it. i longed to trip past grouch's trash can as i made my way to mr. hooper's store for a big juicy red apple and a natter with purple monsters, gibbering aliens, insecure furry creatures and kids of all shapes, sizes, race and ability. we'd talk alphabet for a while before indulging in mid-morning banter on more serious issues of equality, co-operation and how much fun it was being different. seriously cool.

to this day i blame jim henson for turning me into a neurotic equality crusader. gripe as you may about the yucky american sentimentality of henson's idealism, but the beauty in the muppet philosophy of harmony and acceptance has rooted in me deeper than that of any of yer high brow nobel prize winning types. truth!

so, with all the utopian human politics, i believed sesame street to be the most perfect place on the planet. that is until the rot of 20th century paranoia set in. the same paranoia that gave noddys too feminine eyelashes the chop, hit the coolest street in my world... the bastards made ernie and bert get separate beds!!! for years the oddest couple in television slept and snored contentedly in the same big wooden cot, with initials b and e on the headboard. maybe i was too innocent a youth to twig the homosexual connotations of the sleeping arrangements of my favourite muppets, or perhaps i, like most other kids, thought it sweet that two such different characters could be such close friends and house-mates. has it gotten to the stage that this generation of kids are so sexually enlightened that they'll automatically presume that ernie and bert are faggots? or is it just the extreme measures that the media will go to to avoid any "normalization" of homosexuality, however subtle? surely if the goal of sesame street is to promote tolerance and understanding of "minorities", the "accidental" inclusion of queer characters is a bonus in terms of dealing with yet another "issue"? Yeah, tokenism sucks big time, but it's better than zero visibility. Anyway, one of the streets human inhabitants, bob, is the biggest and campest fag this side of julian clary! and linda, one of the other real people on the street, inspired me to lesbianism at a tender age because she was such a total babe!

i still want to live on sesame street. they may have separated the fab couple on screen, but if i ever get invited over to ernie and bert's for tea, i'll be sure to check the knicker drawer for calvin kleins and the record collection for judy garland records....

Ruth



ernie and bert in watersports scandal...

Page
three
bird



O NUTCRACKER

Brown with white flecks; white under tail-coverts.

CHANNEL
ZERO



I TEND TO WATCH QUITE A LOT OF SHITE T.V. WELL IT IS REALLY ADDICTIVE...



IT'S GOOD FOR A LAUGH BUT I OFTEN GET REALLY FRUSTRATED



Y'SEE, THE SHOWS THAT I SEE ON THE BOX SAY NOTHING TO ME ABOUT MY LIFE. I'VE BECOME AN EXPERT IN NARROWLY MISSING THE SCREEN WITH A BLOODY LARGE BRICK...



... AND DON'T EVEN START ME ON ADVERTS!

BUT SOMEDAY....



... I'LL HAVE MY OWN CHANNEL

CAMILLE PAGLIA

IF YOU'VE NEVER HEARD

OF CAMILLE PAGLIA, THEN I ENVY

YOU YOUR RELATIVE PEACE OF MIND.

THE FIRST I HEARD OF HER WAS WHEN

I BLINDLY ATTENDED A LECTURE AT

QUEENS UNIVERSITY BELFAST, A FEW

YEARS BACK. SHE WAS BILLED AS

A FEMINIST ICONICALLY. Ironic,

BECAUSE FEMINISTS ARE FIRST ON

CAMILLE'S MISANTHROPIC LIST OF

TARGETS. SO MY LOVE/HATE/HATE 'RELATIONSHIP'

WITH THE QUEEN OF MEDIA HACKETTES BEGAN

IN EARNEST. AN EGO IN A POWER SUIT (SHE'D

DENY THAT OF COURSE, THE SUIT THAT IS), SHE SPENT

AN HOUR ALTERNATIVELY BITCHING ABOUT FEMINISTS

AND ADMIRING HER OWN WORK. SHE BREATHED,

MAYBE TWICE, THE WHOLE TIME. SHE WAS

IF NOTHING ELSE, ENTERTAINING. THAT'S

WHERE MUCH OF HER APPEAL COMES FROM.

WHETHER 'UNSHEDDING' PENISES OR

'DISORING' LESBIANS ON CHANNEL FOUR,

OR WRITING CONVULSED, CONTRADICTORY,

ELITIST VOLUMES, SHE IS ALWAYS, IF

NOTHING ELSE, ENTERTAINING.

THE REST OF HER APPEAL COMES FROM

THE FACT THAT SHE IS A LESBIAN WHO

HATES LESBIANS, A FEMINIST (RIGHT!)

WHO HATES FEMINISTS AND A WOMAN WHO

HATES WOMEN AND WHOM, ON TOP OF ALL

THIS, JOY OF JOYS, TALKS IN SOUND-

BITES - A CONSERVATIVE MALE PRODUCERS

WET-DREAM! CAMILLE PAGLIA IS A

PRODUCT OF 90'S CULTURE - THAT OF

THE WONDER-BAA ADS AND THE PERVERSIVE

APATHY OF SUPERFICIAL EQUALITY. SHE'S

A DISPOSABLE, CAPITALIST INVENTION. IF

AS SHE SAYS, IN THE FIRST CHAPTER OF HER

BOOK 'SEXUAL PERSONAE' (AND PROBABLY EVERY

OTHER BOOK SHE HAS EVER WRITTEN - SHE HAS

A PENCHANT FOR REPETITION!) "THE WEST'S

GREATNESS ARISES" FROM ITS "DELUSIONAL

CERTITUDE" SO INDEED DOES MS PAGLIA'S.

THERE ARE NO POSSIBILITIES - IF'S OR MAYBES -

INHER WORK, ONLY CERTAINITIES - ONLY IS'S.

HER ABSOLUTE ASSERTION IS CONVINCING,

HER LANGUAGE AND ENCYCLOPEDIAIC KNOWLEDGE

INTIMIDATING. SHE MAKES YOU FEEL SO

STUPID, THAT YOU WORRY, DESPERATELY,

THAT SHE'S RIGHT - BECAUSE IF SHE IS WE'RE

FUCKED - BIG TIME - AND IF YOU'RE A WOMAN

THAT MEANS LITERALLY AND 'DESERVINGLY'

WITHOUT YOUR CONSENT, RAPE IS (SHE

ASSERTS, AD NAUSEUM) ONLY NATURAL,

"SEX IS" AFTER ALL "VIOLENCE". MICK

TYSON AND THE KENNEDY BOYS JUST LOVE HER!



LEFT: THE MODERN
FACE OF FEMINISM?
CAMILLE PAGLIA,
PATRIARCHAL PRODUCT
OF THE POST-FEMINIST
90S.

PSYCHOLOGICAL PROFILE:

*MADONNA FIXATION

*SCHIZOPHRENIC (UNFORMAL)

TENDENCIES; EXHIBITED IN

OUTRAGEOUS CONTRADICTIONS

THROUGHOUT HER WORK

(OFTEN TO BE FOUND ON THE

SAME PAGE!)

*MISOGYNY - FULL BLOWN

*DELUSIONS OF GRANDEUR

(FUELED BY THE PATRIARCHY.)

*UNHEALTHY AMBITION TO BE

APOLLOS PENIS

*MISANTHROPIC TENDENCIES

(EXCEPTIONS - HERSELF DISEMBODIED,

MADONNA, GAY MEN AT A RUSH)

*HATRED OF HER OWN FEMALE BODY

- IT'S ASSOCIATION TO HER THEORY

OF THE 'CHTHONIAN' PRINCIPLE

MAKE IT UNCONTROLLABLE, EMBODYING

ALL THE 'MURK & OOZE' OF NATURE.

SHE DESCRIBES THE FEMALE GENITALS

AS A 'WOUND-LIKE RANNESS'; 'LURID,

VAGRANT & INCOHERENT".

*"DELUSIONAL CERTITUDE"

*SELECTIVE MEMORY - CHOOSES TO

IGNORE THE FACT THAT SHE IS A WOMAN

AND THAT HER SUCCESS IS A DIRECT

RESULT OF THE FEMINIST MOVEMENT

*CONTROL FREAK.

DIAGNOSIS - [TO UNDERSTAND THE

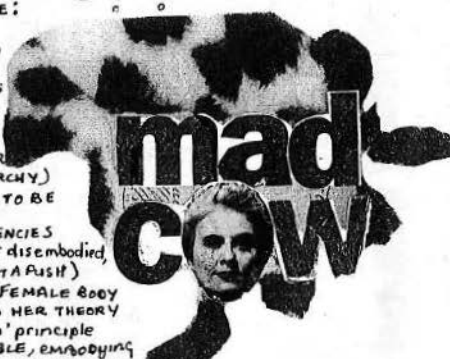
FOLLOWING READ THE PENGUIN 60'S 'SEX

AND VIOLENCE OR NATURE AND ART' BORROW

IT IF POSSIBLE, WE WOULDN'T LIKE TO

FUEL ANY OF HER COMPLEXES, NOW

WOULD WE?



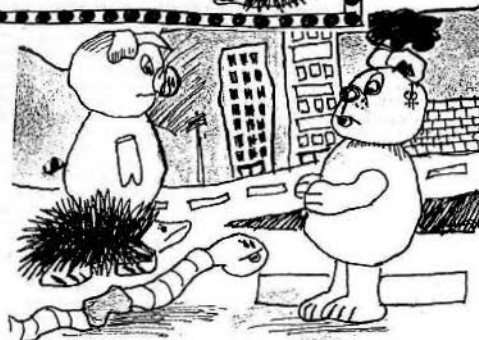
mad
cow

MS PAGLIA'S HATRED OF FEMINISTS
IS HER OWN "DIRTY SECRET".
WITH HER APOLLONIAN 'INTELLECT'
SHE DESPISES HER OWN 'CATONIAN'
FEMALE BODY. SO IN THE APOLLO
STYLE SHE PROTECTS HER SELF
HATRED AND LACK OF CONTROL ONTO
REPRESENTATIVES OF POSITIVE
ATTITUDES TO THE HATED OBJECT.
HER UNDERLYING SELFLOATHING
HAS LED TO OVER-COMPENSATION
BY CREATION OF HER OWN REALITY.
WHICH HER OWN OPINION REIGNS
SUPREME. HOPES OF REHABILITATION
ARE THEREFORE NON EXISTANT.
DAMAGE DONE, SHE WILL HOPEFULLY
FADE INTO OBLIVION.

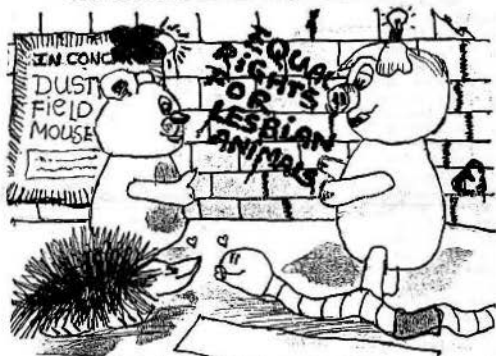
THE CHUMS



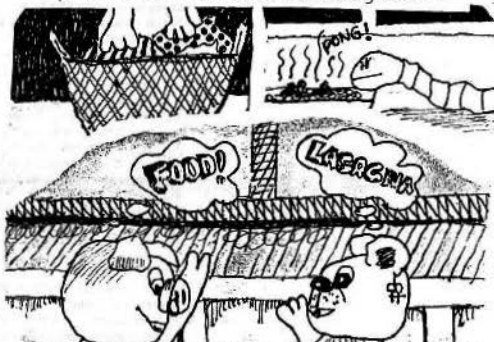
1. Hilda Hedgehog and her chums were on their way to the off-licence after cashing their dole-cheques, when they met Beatrice Bear. Poor Beatrice was looking rather sad.



2. "Why are you so glum?", worried Wanda Worm. "I have a hot date with Frida Fox tonight, but I've lost my dental-dam!", sighed Beatrice. "My girlfriend will be pissed off if I don't practice safe-sex when I'm slutting about".



3. "Don't fret, Beatrice", perked Prudence Pig, we will help you to find your dental-dam! "What a super idea!", hummed Hilda. And off they skipped to Beatrice's house for a grand search.



4. They looked everywhere. They searched in the laundry basket, even in the cat's litter-tray but the dental-dam was nowhere to be found. "I'm getting hungry", moaned Prudence. "Let's have some of my home-made lasagne!", answered Beatrice.



5. The chums settled down for a well earned feast. "Mmm.. this lasagne is yummy!", chorped Wanda. "It's a bit rubbery..", complained Hilda, finding the strange purple layer of pasta a bit tasteless.



6. "CRUMBS!! IT'S MY DENTAL DAM!", squealed Beatrice. "that spliff I had before cooking last night must have been strong!" "Silly Beatrice!", laughed Prudence. And they all chuckled merrily on the way to the pub for a celebratory pint.

The Gobel-De-Gook of Being

[Autob "I" (mis)nomer] ography (I, Aye, Eye). I. crucial vowel or capitalized, individualized as the person(a). I significantly interspersed through language - inseparable therefore from the construction of "me" is "I". "Single letter, single sound, the 'I' appears unitary, bold, indivisible. In its very calligraphy and enunciation it defies destabilization, dissemination, diffusion. But that 'I' is gendered and it is male. . . . 'The self of the same that is man'. . . this hegemonic, monadic 'I' is also unabashedly 'white' Eurocentric, colonizing in its deployment." "Aye" (dialectal Yes) am not capitalized on the margin. I have no right to write to phallic 'I', I woman. Only the triptych of One (Male, White, Heterosexual), in transformative principally, can capitalize (on) I to 'I', to maintain its fictional self as a whole, coherent, self-identical master of itself and of 'objective' reality, the metaphysical subject must establish the fiction of clear and distinct boundaries between self and other, between its inside and the outside world, between itself as subject and its objects as well as between consciousness and the unconscious." The metaphysical, teleological, "I" is phallic (f)iphallic. This He/I is alone and blind. In the crumbling citadel of autobiographical tradition - because He is not alone, "Fragmented, with sources from everywhere" she said. . . . "The self of the same who is man" - colonizing, is colonized - ink blots of dotted Other(s), undermining the self(e) "I" They therefore exist only through what they are not, through what is absent from themselves in the other elements of the relations (Man through Woman, subject through Object), and so the absence of emptiness that makes their existence possible is inescapably a part of themselves." "I" is only who "He" thinks "He" is. [A]utobiography is not possible in a cultural landscape where consciousness of self does not properly speaking exist." Auto-Self, Bio-life, Graphy-writing, Self-life-writing. [W]rite your self. Your body must be heard." Auto-Self, "I" is simply a shadow of its-self.

Constituent of the Other; and Auto and Id, Conscious and Unconscious. Bio-Life; Auto-bio, life of the self. Life of the unconscious, Id, Other and the conscious self - "I". Graphy - writing: Language is the mirror of the Ego (neither an external force nor a "tool" of expression, but the very symbolic system that both constructs and is constructed by the writing subject.) [I am written as I write trying to catch my meaning infinitely] "In conscious life, in the whole body of consciousness. . . we achieve some sense of ourselves as coherent and unified. . . all this is purely at the level of the 'imaginary ego' . . . the tip of the iceberg of what psychoanalytical theory takes to be all that a human being is. In our language and knowledge we have simply made an imaginary identification with an image of ourselves reflected back to us from words whose meanings are as illusory and fictitious as the identities we build on the basis of them. There is a radical split between what we really are and what we take ourselves to be in consciousness. . . the actual person trying to communicate in language is impossible to represent; there is no sign which can sum up my entire being, who I am. . . I cannot 'mean' and 'be' at the same time. [By the by is time's elapse (before I forgets) - memory's lapse - certainties collapse. Is the 'person who writes about the past. . . at bottom the person of the past [?]] And 'I' too is always positioned in discourse: position is the eye (indeed the 'I') of closure. Subject to different discourses over time and thus subjectively different over time, the autobiographer is static in time when I fluid over through time. Thus 'I' narrates itself as a hegemonic constant in time, from an illusory present. An integrity in time that allows summation of self. The interval of writing separates the 'I' from the subject written - the I of the writing moment is superior to the subject of itself. I is separated from itself through the authority of authorship. [Writing the 'self' may be problematic but it is not impossible; not impossible? defining the nature of autobiography is a seductive but ultimately elusive task." The obstacles seem insurmountable - results impossible. If autobiography 'asserts that it is the narrative of a unified self, a core subject; that the narrator and the subject of the narration are the same person; that the narrator's memory has been a reliable guide to his/her past; and [again] that the person who writes the past is at bottom, the person of the past.' then it is necessarily impossible. But what if 'I' subverted these autobiographical 'its' in a de-demarcation of autobiographical possibilities? Suppose a polyphonic I that denies self as source ("Her writing can only keep going without ever inscribing or discerning contours, daring to make these vertiginous crossings of the other[s] ephemeral and passionate sojourns in him, her, them. . . She alone dares and wishes to know from within, where she, the outcast, has never ceased to hear the resonance of fore-language. She lets the other language speak - the language of 1,000 tongues which knows neither enclosure nor death. To life she refuses nothing. Her language does not contain, it carries; it does not hold back, it makes possible. When it is ambiguously uttered - the wonder of being several - she doesn't defend herself against these unknown women whom she's surprised at becoming, but derives

her pleasure from this gift of alterability. I am spacious, singing flesh on which is grafted no one knows which I, more or less human, but alive because of transformation.") And thus the Self-objectification, the ironic alienation of Self, to which the authority of "I" as author of itself, subjects itself, is abridged by dissemination of authority through the Other(s) in and outside Self. Woman is diffuse, always more than one "she" is asked to buy wood carvings which represent herself." But always we were split in two, straddling silence, not sure where we would begin to find ourselves as one another. From this division, our material dislocation, came the experience of one part of ourselves as strange, foreign and cut off from the other which we encountered as tongue-tied paralysis about our own identity. We were never all together in one place, were always in transit, immigrant into alien territory. . . . The manner in which we knew ourselves was at variance with ourselves as an historical being - woman. Women are acculturated to dual consciousness. "The self that would reside at the center of the text is decentered - and often absent all together in women's autobiographical texts." In this rupture "she" is impending, closing in on possibilities of "herself" in ways "he" cannot be. In her exclusion in language too, she inclines to more of herself. "The women say, the language you speak poisons your glottis tongue palate lips. They say, the language you speak. . . is made up of signs that rightly speaking designate what men have appropriated. Whatever they have not laid hands on. . . does not appear in the language you speak. This is precisely in the intervals that your masters have not been able to fill with their words of proprietors and possessors, this can be found in gaps, in all that which is not a continuation of their discourse, in the zero, the 0, the perfect circle that you invent to imprison and so overthrow them." Her place in language is the fabric of the unconscious "the elips and gaps and incoherences" - a sentient relationship with the unknown within? "She removes herself - that is, herself conceived as censor - from this enterprise [writing the self], discredits the notion of 'self-consciousness' (indeed she argues for the importance of the thoughtless, the loose, the unrestrained, the unconscious, and refrains from all efforts to shape, sort, or subordinate this material to her will. She rather systematically cuts out from under herself the props that hold up her authority as an author, turning authority back to the matter that constitutes her 'subject' - and that subject is not necessarily the 'self' of traditional autobiography." A feminization of place/space to write the self in unknowledge and bewilderedly, is the possibility of autobiography - maybe.

Lionel x

IN the former U.S.S.R. of the mid '80's, it seemed that freedom equalled the opportunity to spend a week's wages on a Big Mac and fries. With multinational companies queuing up to advertise in glossy gay "lifestyle" mags, are queers being sucked into the same consumerist crap? Like, are we supposed to be grateful or something that GUINNESS made an ad with a



gay couple in it (but they wouldn't show it in case they got labelled as a "fag" drink)? Visibility is cool but I find it hard to believe that these companies give a shit about queer issues. It's interesting to note that very few "name" brands are going for ads in exclusively dyke mags like "DIVA" (DYKES = LOW WAGE JOBS, SO WHY WOULD THEY WANT TO COURT OUR ATTENTION). It's also quite clear that even though companies produce gay-friendly ads for use in the gay press, they shy away from queer imagery in their mainstream ad. campaigns (WITH THE POSSIBLE EXCEPTION OF "LEVI'S") How about we send suggestions for really queer advertisements to companies like SMIRNOFF, HABITAT, CALVIN KLEIN et al and see how they respond. Better still, transforming billboard ads. with a can of spray-paint can be a creative way to spend your early morning hours...

EVERY BODY HURTS

We live in a violent society - in the Nuclear Age and in our collective consciousness we live with the constant threat of annihilation. Violent crime, physical and sexual is a constant reality. Woman, despite her ahistorical role of nurturer, is not immune to the worm of violence. Indeed the role of nurturer has never been a passive one. The Mother threatens, fights and kills in defence of her young. The potential for violence exists in every woman.

That women can be violent towards others is a fact, a distressing and depressing fact. But it should not be a surprising one. Gangs of teenage girls now carry weapons and commit crimes of violence all across the U.S.A.

Why is this behaviour more shocking and horrifying than the same behaviour in males? Why is the thought of Myra Hindley's release so particularly anathema to the British public? Other equally horrific crimes against children have not received such press and public attention at the time of the trials, never mind more than thirty years down the line. Is it because most other similar crimes were committed by men? That Myra Hindley is seen as an aberration of nature as well as a vicious and sadistic killer? If justice has been meted out to Myra Hindley the killer has it been unfairly served on Myra Hindley the woman?

In Patriarchal ideology "Woman" is passive, innocuous, the gentler sex. Undoubtedly women have less inclination to unprovoked violence than do men. But to assume that women are by nature incapable of such acts, is recklessly dangerous. Besides propagating damaging patriarchal mythology, it can lead to serious injustices. In the binaristic logic of such



gender/sex roles, if women are non-violent then men are violent by nature. To go against one's given nature is to become abnormal, grotesque and entirely culpable - i.e. a violent WOMAN. A violent man is not entirely culpable, Neanderthal but understandable, slave to his baser nature.

Fred West, for example, was perverted, weak, sick, depraved. But Rosemary West is absolutely EVIL. She is what we can't believe, what haunts us. From my uneducated knowledge it seems that women who commit serious crimes of unprovoked violence receive much harsher sentences and, of course, damming press attention than their male counterparts. I do not advocate lesser sentences for women like Myra Hindley, but certainly it is only justice that men and women receive the same treatment. Basing degree of culpability on an implicit gender prescription is a frightening testimony to a still extant ideology of inequality. Certainly there are

behavioural differences between men and women, but these are not absolutes. And any assumed absolutes should certainly never remain tacit when the consequences involve an individual's freedom. Being a man should not absolve someone from full responsibility for a crime nor should being a woman condemn someone to extra responsibility. Nor should men be done the injustice of being assumed to have an essentially violent nature - (a promulgation that perhaps becomes a self-fulfilling prophecy?) It is perhaps time, in this and all else, that our society looked beyond gender to the wealth and diversity of individual personalities and to the fully realised possibility that it is the person and not his or her gender, that is the more or less culpable.



TODAYS WEATHER

Another severe weather warning today for N. Ireland, the Irish Republic and the U.K. The slow moving dense fog of bigotry over Ulster is yet again clouding visibility and causing extreme lows in the minds of free-thinking individuals. Dark clouds will be prevalent in the south of Ireland, due to very high pressure from the Church resulting in widespread guilt and moral intimidation. Weather in the south of England will be typically dry and dull, especially over the House of Lords. Later in the day expect things to hot up as an extremely overcast M.P. is exposed as having experienced golden showers with a 16 year old boy in Thailand.

However, the intense depression will fade towards evening, with gale-force winds of subversion undermining the sneers of moral tyrants.

THE REALISTIC POETRY CORNER

ODE TO WINTER

Oh, woe! It is cold
Had I but proper
heating in this...
Pit-
But, lo! Is this a
static bar
electric heater
I see?
My heart doth
heep in
a participation
of warmth...

Alas, a wish denied-
23.47 till I do
I cannot venture
forth.
an electricity card
to buy.

Shit.

(Rudie Moonbuckle,
aged 25 1/2)

"Why I'm 15"

I've given up
winning poetry,
'cause it made
my love sound
so twee,
Rhyme and
metre aren't
easy forms
From this bad
effort you can
see!
I'm really
into, like,
analyses!
Prose.
By
Rona (16st-
teenage only)

she didn't know what to do, so she tried to tell herself that it was all a mistake...

I don't think I'm normal

at least I found out in time

Oh dear You didn't fall for that one, did you?

WHO CARES WHAT SEX?

What is it?

These people are Subhuman. They're unbelievably evil.

Straight and narrow

WHEN I WAS HETEROSEXUAL...

Why would God do this to you?

Once-upon-a-time, as lies usually begin (such truth after all is only a position in a tale) I was heterosexual. That's cool, people are fooled into that corner at an early age and many people fool themselves into staying there for ages - well it's a popular corner! So, basically from birth I was heterosexual too. Then I fell in love and so began my reactive participation in the institutionalized form of promiscuity. I was thoroughly, deeply, completely in love with another woman (IMMORTAL BELOVED). No internalized homophobia was it that led me to the sorry fate of the phallus, passive aggression and protracted misery. Indeed not. In case you haven't guessed yet, I must tell you, that she, Subject of my beating heart was as heterosexual as I - ~~heterosexual~~ - only she was better at it. In love with a heterosexual woman, fucking heterosexual men (I think and assuming my own heterosexuality by default (!)), I consider my situation to have been one of omnipresent "heterosexism." I mean I wasn't even a closet case, I was just really fucking stupid. I really didn't believe in lesbianism. Not that I was a Queen Victoria, just that the responsive (though subverted) glow, kindled in me by the very idea, was utopian; I mythologized lesbianism through repressed desire - a bit like winning the lottery these days. **Is anybody there?** If "they" existed at all it could only be in cosmopolitan enclaves, far away across vast stretches of water. Certainly not in the arse-hole of nowhere that had produced me. (I'm going back further than falling in love here, which means I've always been a dyke by design.)

In defense of my naive self, it really wasn't my fault, i.e. my stupidity. I thought I was "liberated" because I didn't believe in marriage or organized religion. At nineteen I was a budding feminist with an instinctive belief in a Patriarchal conspiracy. I had deconstructed the world throughout my sexual, social, teenage years and realized

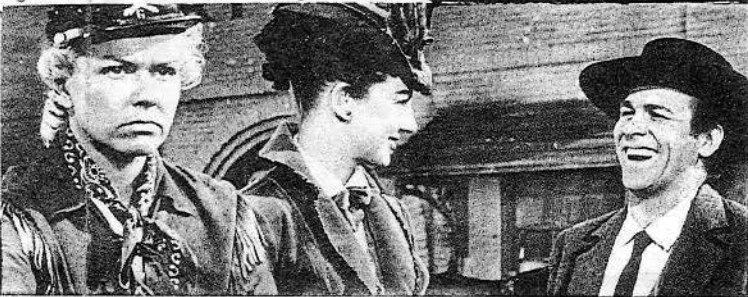
'Calm down, please'

'I'm very happy to be a woman's fantasy'

it was, on the whole, a prodigious fuck up. I feigned a laudable cynicism, I was really a shell-shocked idealist, grounded for lack of an orange-box. I was an inhibited anarchist. All the fault of heterosexual despotism. The heteropatriarchal bombardment made me oblivious to any alternative. As a teenager I took it. Education seemed my only way out. I planned a life of bohemian poetics - I would lead an independent waste-garde lifestyle. Oddly it worked out that way (unrequited love is the stuff poetry is made on, alright! O.K, I concede - bad poetry), just not the way I planned it.

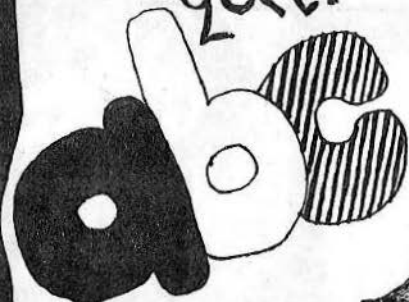
This technique is so new

My education was more extensive than I ever imagined. I discovered that true poetry was the freedom to be who you are. At the risk of sounding corny (dreadful americanism) love was the most intensive and self-realizing lesson I've learned. The most beautiful poetry is living in love, ecstasy inseparable from agony. Love is truth. That my love was for another woman and that that makes it wrong in this Society, made me realize that right lies in personal truth. The social privilege afforded to heterosexual love in this society invalidates every other love - makes it invisible or at best a freak show. It deprives those of us who feel the same differently, our right to celebration of life's greatest gift.



But You Don't Have To.

My Little QUEER



Ee

is for ego. Bit of a toughie, this. We are all RIGHT just as we are all WRONG. (phew! that was far too profound. Better go and watch Baywatch before my brain overloads...)

Jj

is for Julie Andrews, just coz I adore her. Especially when she's dressed as a nun.

Kk

is for Karma. To thine own self and everyone else be true and you're destined to be a multiple orgasm in your next life. Shit all over everyone and you'll come back as an egg and onion sandwich fart. Robert Maxwell is at this very moment, a polyp up the Popes arse. (Kk is also for Kinky, "Pass the KY and the cucumber, Mistress." I)

Rr

is for Revolution, in the words of Jarvis Cocker, "We won't use guns, we won't use bombs, we'll use the one thing we've got more of, that's our minds." The only successful revolution is one of ideas. We should all begin with ourselves.

Aa

is for Anarchy, which is a very good thing and means taking control of your own life and not giving in to the fear and intimidation of governmental and social pressure. Read Bakunin, Kropotkin and Emma Goldman.



Ff

is for Fear. Those in power feed on fear, they teach it in schools, they preach it from the pulpit. The establishment depends on our fear to maintain the status-quo. Fear does nothing to alleviate the threat, it's what keeps us down, what keeps us quiet. So fuck them and free yourself from fear by confronting it head on. The very worse that could happen is inevitable anyway - death. Living in fear is only existing. What's the point? Leap the fire.

Nn

is for Nothing..

Ss

is for Sex, Soul and imagination. (Good name for a book, eh? I've got dibs!)

Tt

is for transvestite, transsexual, transgender. Wouldn't it be nice if boys wore panties and girls grew beards more often? Dressing up is fun and shouldn't have to stop when you're 8 years old. It also freaks out macho bus drivers, which is always very pleasant.

Bb

is for Barbie, who used to be Frank from Co. Fermanagh before the operation and hormone treatment. Hooked up with flamboyant fashion designer, Ken, in the '70's. They continuously fool parents into believing that their darling little princesses are undressing a model hetero career woman, which in itself promotes lesbianism and therefore quite cool.

Gg

for God. A religious philosopher once theorised that God can be said to be the most perfect and wonderful thing which the human mind is capable of conceiving. See God's in Fact Kim Deal standing naked at my door, with a large bag of grass in one hand and the severed head of Celine Dion in the other.

Ll

is for Lesbianic, a Queer woman is Lesbianic. She's whatever she wants to be, wants whomever she wants, does whatever she does. So!

Oo

is for Outing, a who can of worms. Respect for the closet is taken for granted. Right to privacy etc. But there's pricks up arses and dildos in drawers in every powerhouse in the world. The scam of straight is endemic from Hollywood to the Vatican. Not a commonly acknowledged fact! The closet is private place, it's an institution that fuels homophobia (obvious and internalised) and increases/causes sense of alienation of people who themselves to be gay. Lets pretend all very well in the playground growing up hurts. Society will mature until this repression is exploded. See, Ff, Ll, Qq and! Read Michelangelo Signorile, in America.



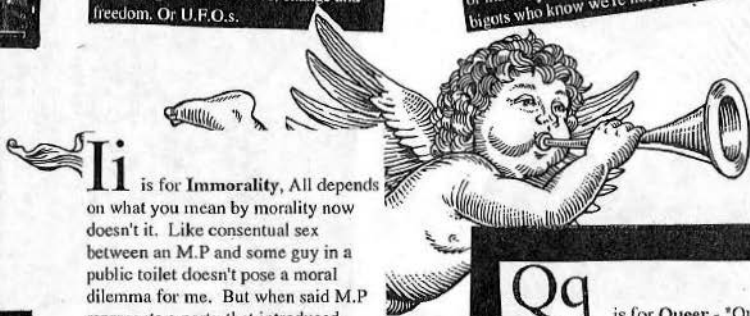


Cc is for Churches, all of which have bastardised ancient beliefs in harmony and equality and monopolised setting the moral agenda for everyone. War, repression, guilt, moral intimidation - you name it, they've got a hand in it somewhere. If you need to believe in something, believe in love, change and freedom. Or U.F.O.s.

Dd is for D.U.P., who tried to "Save Ulster from Sodomy". They tried, oh, how they tried... but those bad boys n' girls shag on, which is why D.U.P. members always look grumpy on T.V. D is also for Direct Action, which is a fun way of making a point and scares the shit out of bigots who know we're not afraid.

h is for hair. You can someone is queer by checking do's. **SERIOUS!** foolproof method. Does it more sense if I say that Michael that dlek from Riverdance and eagan are , by this notion, very NOT queer? You know what I children.

Mm is for Minnie the Beano cartoon nutter and essential model for would-be bad girls. M is for Music, which is my favourite on for living (after blueberry muffins).



Ii is for Immorality, All depends on what you mean by morality now doesn't it. Like consensual sex between an M.P. and some guy in a public toilet doesn't pose a moral dilemma for me. But when said M.P. represents a party that introduced Clause 28, has a wife and two kids and spouts family values for a living - well that puts a different angle on it, doesn't it. Morality is the absence of hypocrisy. Go deduce...

Qq is for Queer - "Queer" is cutting the crap. It represents sexuality without prefixes. Desire is a variable, sexuality a fluid thing. To put a definition on desire is to limit individuality. Every label has connotation of taboo, labels tell you what you can't be more than who you are. Queer is open to all possibilities, it works on the principle of respect for individuality, of self knowledge through experience, of stretching the limitations of self. Queer is irreverent and doesn't respect the boundaries imposed by labels; any label.

Ww is for wife. I really don't get this thing about gay people being "allowed" to marry. Much as I could do with a washing machine, toaster, bath towels etc., I'd rather not have to turn to church and state to validate my relationship. Wanting gay marriage is like wanting a rotten apple just coz someone else has one. However, my fridge is slime infested and the oven needs scrubbed, so those willing to be my housewife please apply to the usual address.

Pp is for patriarchy, the overall male-oriented culture that has prevailed in most parts of the world for the past few thousand years. Its rigidity alienates both women and men from who they really are. I think it's about time to bid it adieu.

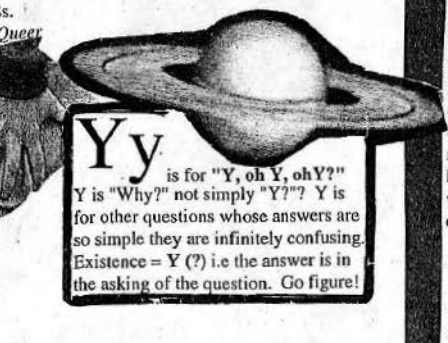
Vv is for vagina, a lovely word that needs no explanation, just adoration.

Uu is for Ugly, Remember the duckling who was really a cygnet who reached all its swanlike potential? Well consider the complexes of its maturity after its traumatic sygnethood - fucking years of therapy! And imagine that it had, after all, just been a really ugly duckling and grown into a repulsive duck! (Not of course that most species of duck give a fuck about personal appearance, especially not in ducklings.) It's really a very poor Fairy tale that gives (agony of agonies) false hope to unfortunate babies and does nothing to challenge the omnipotence of the Beautiful. More realistically the ugly duckling should have become a respectably plain duck who, having objectified its youthful experience into an expose of the power dynamics underlying societies visual fixation, became a prize winning author. Thus emphasising that the beautiful swan was really the soul of the ugly duckling.

Xx is for X-rated. Don't you get really pissed off when hetero couples get away with shagging all over the T.V. and cinema and just one simple same-sex kiss (no tongues) gets cut from a programme because it might corrupt our "innocent youth"? I live in hope for the day when I'm watching Cornation Street and Rita leans over the shop counter and screams passionately at Mavis, "Yer making me all damp in my secret woman's place, chuck!"....

Yy is for "Y, oh Y, oh Y?" Y is "Why?" not simply "Y?" Y is for other questions whose answers are so simple they are infinitely confusing. Existence = Y (?) i.e. the answer is in the asking of the question. Go figure!

Zz is like life itself, all a matter of perspective. Z is for Z,ero or N,othing at all, for Z,enith or N,adir depending on how you look at it... You can always turn the page.





music stuns me silences me drags me kicking and screaming from a bed of apathy confines me to a mirrored room weaves a creeping vine around my gut until silence cuts through the masochist here lingers in its library of shadows past loves and losses a voice that gods death summons armageddon whispers solace challenges gravity begin the beguine and please don't let it stop i can dance with / devour you i'm on film and happy endings are possible baby sings the blues & reds & oranges & violets & yellows & greens and indigos till i ring the gold at the end of the rainbow i'm a freak a plane a raving disco bunny diva the aloof rebel the inner space cosmologist the good time girl who taught me to let my awkward body sway my education an aural injection of heightened consciousness and slutish primal beat too many words? go count the times you've cried and laughed and danced and remember the abyss of silence when you longed for lives and places other than your own...



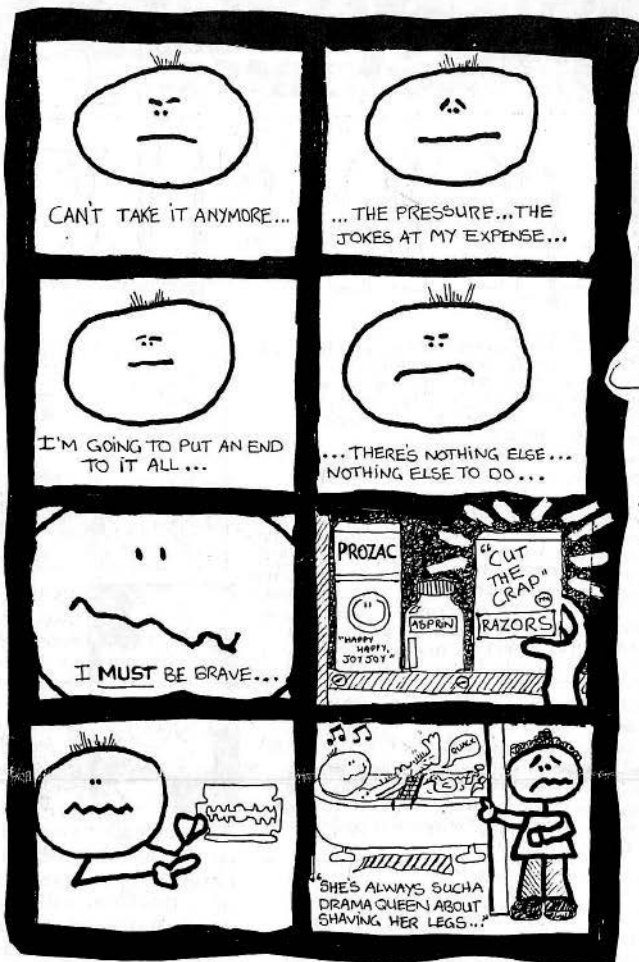
**SECRET
KNOWLEDGE**

WHAT NOT TO SAY ATA MIXED PARTY!

You're a security scare

One Foot in the Mouth

Where Talk is Cheaper



THE
Crisis Cafe
BY Pat

INSPIRED BY ST. TARA OF TOLLGATE,
PATRON SAINT OF ENDLESS PARTIEKE

LET THEM EAT CAKE

Men are turning into women. FACT. They are becoming feminised because of the oestrogen in food and in the environment. In the past, this oestrogen (female hormones) was expelled from the male body during the digestive process. But men have adapted to the influx of the femme stuff over time and no longer get rid of it (can't let a good thing go to waste...) So it figures that if you make men

stuff themselves silly with sticky buns and fatty foods, they will eventually become more feminine.

I see a solution to the N. Ireland situation in all this. If everyone sent a parcel of, let's say, chocolate cake to Ian Paisley, Gerry Adams, David Trimble, John Hume etc. then they'd all consume a ridiculous amount of oestrogen. Hey Presto, the boys become more feminine.

They end up talking to each other because Ian is just dying to know where Gerry got that gorgeous waterproof mascara, while David and John have begun swooping tips on how to mend that irritating broken finger-nail. Before you can say "all party talks", they are all girls together and sort out over 25 years of bitching over a few bottles of Babycham.

It's such a simple solution. WHY HASN'T SOMEBODY THOUGHT OF IT BEFORE?



1. All men are potential rapists - well unless you're prepared to be considered a man hating feminist-lesbian bitch - which I am - on a good day.
2. All Women are lesbians.
3. Any subversive truth for example - see 1 & 2.
4. Fight with your girl-friend & start babbling about going straight - Someone might think you're serious, instead of pissed and hurt [i.e. You] You'll need a lot more than ten dollars worth of beer when you remember the birth control & the big, hairy man.
5. How much philosophical & social merit Valerie Solanas' 'Scum Manifesto' contains. If you're lucky they may never have heard of her - If you must - refrain from quoting e.g. 'The Male is a biological accident... a walking abortion....'!

UNSUNG HEROES: #1

LISA SIMPSON

Not many of my heroes are sunshine yellow. Most of them have ten fingers and few have eyes that span the whole width of their head. The exception being one serious babe called **LISA SIMPSON**.

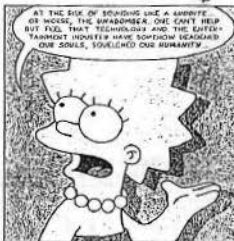
Lisa is the misunderstood middle child of the oddly comic and very real Simpson family, who are the eponymous characters of my very favourite cartoon. First seen on T.V. in 1986, "THE SIMPSONS" has since been monopolised by SKY T.V. channel and so hasn't reached the huge audience it deserves. Dad HOMER is a glob with a heart of gold, Mum MARGE is the perpetually worried housewife, BART is an underachieving prankster, while baby MAGGIE just noisily sucks on her dummy. But it's LISA who in my eyes steals the lime-light every time.

I guess she's about 7 or 8 years old and, given her sensitive intelligence, you'd be forgiven for thinking she'd been switched at birth (if it wasn't for the giveaway Simpsons yellow spikey hair...)

MY AX IS, LIKE, MY VOICE, YOU DIG? IT'S HOW I EXPRESS MY TRUTH, MY PAIN, MY INNER HOWL...

She digs jazz, reads Jung and Homer and keeps her nuclear family from exploding with thoughtful comments on compromise and love. A deep-thinking stowaway on a ship of fools, LISA stays sane by sticking her nose in a book or by playing her saxophone. And yet she doesn't stink of "precocious-and-irritating child-prat" syndrome. She'll indulge BART in his prank phone-calls and laugh louder than anyone else, at the violent and hilarious "ITCHY and SCRATCHY" cartoon show. She'd love to be Virginia Woolf but equally she'd love to be Nancy Drew.

My favourite "Simpsons" plot involving Lisa is the one in which she designs a Malibu Stacey doll (a thinly disguised "BIBBIE") who has, for a change, more brain than breast. It's not a case of Lisa blindly following some politically-correct hand book for life;



she genuinely questions the world around her and is very quick to admit when she is wrong. Mind you, she could possibly lighten up a bit where school is concerned. She tends to over-lick a little more than is decent when it comes to teachers. However, she's young yet, bless 'er, give her a few

years and she'll wise up. Her deep insecurity about being accepted makes her a bit of a wuss at times, but then again it's hard to be a completely sorted dues paying anarchic activist when you've got to be in bed by 8 pm. I reckon the reason I love Lisa so much is that she's the proverbial breath of fresh air in the world of comics/cartoons.

I get really bored when I'm browsing in comic shops and all I can find is brainless physically disproportionate super-heroes and heroines with overdeveloped breasts and underdeveloped stories. Lisa is more of a mega-babe and social commentator than Wonder Woman, Batman and all of those other out-of-touch tight-wearing types.

I'm just keeping my fingers crossed that she discovers the joys of sentex when she gets older, and manages to blast the evil Mr. Burns' collective capitalist empire to smithereens. One can only dream....

DON'T SUBSCRIBE TO SKY.T.V. GET THE COMIC-BOOK INSTEAD! IT'S OUT EVERY MONTH AND IT'S VERY FUNNY!

Ruth X



THE TERRORISATION ...

Let me tell you a story that you've probably believed before...

That once-upon-a-time and in a place that was every next door but probably not at your house, there was a Mummy and Daddy who loved each other. And because the Mummy and Daddy loved each other, they had a little boy and a little girl who were their children. And the Mummy and Daddy loved their little boy and their little girl and loved each other. And the little boy and the little girl loved each other and their Mummy and Daddy. And they were happy. And then there was God, the big white man in the sky, who loved the Mummy and the Daddy and their little children, and they all loved Him. (Something insidious about it isn't there?)

And then there was Evil, that for the rest of us was aggravated by the very ambiguity of this illusion. For the little boy or the little girl being fucked by their Father in secret, for the little boy and the little girl who see their Mother beaten or who are beaten themselves, this blueprint for perfection may seem to be everyone else's reality but their own. And so many of us, the little boys and the little girls and the tortured women, have had the burden of preserving the chimera of family values thrust upon us. *"We're different, they wouldn't understand. They wouldn't like you because you make me do it. You're different. But I understand. So shhh... Our little secret..."*

And of course "they" wouldn't like us. Because we smash the illusion. Because, actually, we're not so very different. I only wish we were.

Things have changed. There is a growth in awareness. But abusers still hide behind this illusion. It is a restrictive version of how it could be but rarely is. Additional damage done is relative to the extent one's family strays from this elusive Norm - no Father...no happiness...no love...



...of NORMALISATION

There are illusions propagated in our society, culminating in an all delusive Norm that brainwashes us to wants and secretes our own truth in yearnings, so that we find ourselves in the mainstream, towing the white line, our bleeding souls bandaged in wads of red tape. The Norm is a magnetic phantasm - it offers the illusion of safety but its integral ambiguity is that it feeds on fear and insecurity. The more normal you appear the more inconspicuous you become - the more invisible to any potential enemy but also the more invisible to yourself. The parallel is megalomania, in what ever it's degree of success. If you attain power you contain and control, both potential threat, and yourself - if you scramble up the heap you move your ass further away from that invading prick. If you're a doer you won't be done to. Just be careful, that someday, on whatever path you've chosen to take, you don't wake up to realise that you've been doing it to yourself all along...

all letters
are ingenious
thus hardly
genuine.

the Anti-AGONY pages.

Answering your letters is

Anti-AGONY

Anti-AGONY has recently completed her doctoral Studies on the socio-sexual behaviour of Marine Algae. Possessed of an impressive dearth in common-sense and an overwhelming antipathy toward most species of mammal (especially Whales and the human male) she consoles herself in tending and smoking her Marijuana plants. Having fallen madly in love with her female biology teacher as a teenager, she has passed the Litmus test of misery and is thus a highly qualified problem avoider and will help you
Avoid Yours.....

Maggie ME! [NOT]

DEAR Anti-AGONY.

I am at my wits end. I think I might be a Lesbian. I keep having dreams about Margaret Thatcher going down on me. The very thought of her tight little perm and leather handbag make me weak at the knees. I'm so jealous of Dennis. Please help.
FROM Confused.

DEAR Really Fucking

Confused,

I'm sorry, you're obviously not a dyke, Lesbians have more taste. Besides which Thatcher is a man! You're obviously in the grip of some masochistic fantasy. Ya don't really want that torie fucking you over again, do ya? Get yourself a ten-deal, something by Marx and Engels and a Cactus.

Anti-AGONY

Assault WITH A

DEADLY Chicken!

• DEAR Anti-AGONY.

I am plagued by sadistic fantasies in the Lorrena Bobbetilk. Every time a man leers at me I have an uncontrollable urge to

I'm sorry it wasn't a turkey. Whats wrong with me?

FROM A Lorrena Ear.

DEAR L.F,

Practicalities first - plead P.M.T. at your trial - all the pricks in court will harden with hormonal superiority. Male egos sometimes works in a wombins favour.

Bea's BEEN Stung!

• DEAR Anti-AGONY. To be brief, she was beautiful, brainy, bitch. She blew me a kiss, I was bewitched. She bedded me, bled me, bruised me, broke me. I breezed in with a bunch of blooms, she was bonking a bloke in my bedroom. I believed her, she betrayed me. I am beleaguered and bewildered. In no longer want to be. FROM Bea. DEAR Bea, To continue the alliteration Bea, that was brutal. She seems a bit of a bitch, to be blunt. Things can look bleak when your beloved's a bifid breeder. but that's her buzz. Her behaviour is a blasphemous betrayal. But be brave baby, don't bale out, you're bigger than that. Blast her from your brain. Here's your balm - Go to a bar with your buddies, get bombed, bet on a brand new babe, buy yourself a new bed and send the bitch the bills.

break his fucking neck.

Last month a man pushed me in a bus queue and I smashed his face with a frozen chicken. I am up in court on assault charges son. The only remorse I feel is that

Your wombinly wants are being distorted to aggression by excessive dinner making. I'm sending you some feminist Lit - Read don't feed. Defeat them don't beat them.

Anti-AGONY

The rather Wizard & Spiffing tunes type page



THE ONLY PLACE IN THE WHOLE WORLD WHERE KAJAGODGOD, BROS, BONNIE TYLER and THE NOLANS ARE THE FUTURE OF ROCK'N ROLL!

TOP DISCO HITS DISECTED # "I LOVE TO LOVE" BY TINA CHARLES

"I LOVE TO LOVE / BUT MY BAY-BEE JUST LOVES TO DANCE / HE WANTS TO DANCE / HE NEEDS TO DANCE / HE LOVES TO DANCE ...

IT'S ALL GONE HORRIBLY WRONG FOR OUR TINA. SHE MET THIS REALLY DIGHY BLOKE DOWN THE GYM AND, HAVING DISCOVERED A MUTUAL PASSION FOR LYCRA, THE BEE GEES AND HAIR-REMOVAL CREAM, THEY BECAME BUDDIES. BUT THEIR DATE AT THE STARBURST DISCOTHEQUE IS NOT WHAT SHE HOPED IT MAY BE. THERE SHE SITS, SIPPING HER G+ SCREAMING ORGASM (THROUGH A STRAW) AND ALL HER DATE WANTS TO DO IS STRUT HIS FUNKY STUFF IN A RATHER LEWD MANNER. THE LARGE RIP ACROSS THE ARSE OF HIS WHITE LEVIS IS CATCHING THE EYE OF A PRETTY YOUNG BOY ACROSS THE DANCEFLOOR... TINA, GIRL, IT'S HOME ALONE METHINKS.

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SPECIAL OFFER!

The Official MUFFMONSTERS ON PROZAC Soundtrack

NO GOVERNMENT- nicolette £00.00 (+ p&p)
PISS FACTORY- patti smith
MIS-SHAPES- pulp
WALLS COME TUMBLING
DOWN- the style council
QUEER- garbage
WORKING CLASS HERO- marianne faithful
SODOMY- from the musical "hair"
IT'S NOT EASY BEING GREEN- kermit the frog
I FEEL GOOD- nina simone
S&M SONG- dean friedman
GET UP STAND UP- bob marley
TELEVISION DRUG OF THE NATION
- the disposable heroes of hip-hop
ENOUGH IS ENOUGH- chumbawamba & credit to the nation



not available in the shops

this truly inspirational collection can be yours at the obscene price of nought pence. Just send a 60 minute blank tape along with a 50p stamp to cover postage and you too could be filled with the sounds of love and harmony.



credit cards

definitely not accepted

OFFER ENDS
5/11/1999
OR WHENEVER THE
RECORDS WEAR
OUT...

UNLIKELY MUSICAL SUBVERSIVES

1977...punk...outrage...anarchy...a man with a piano and a lovely perm... HUH!?? Meet Dean Friedman; singer/songwriter, bastard child of Barry Manilow, master narcissistic lover. Any "Hits from Hell" type golden- oldies radio show worth its salt plays his hits "LUCKY STARS" and "ARIEL" at least several billion times a year. But there's one Friedman penned ditty that will probably never grace the airwaves of FAB FM... Blatantly plagiarised by Madonna on "HANKY PANKY", "S&M" is a sleazy little jazz number, telling of an awakening to homosexual S&M sex. A bit tongue in (somebody else's) cheek, the whole scenario is as camp as a Royal wedding with more than a seasoning of the risqué for added flavour. Check out the final verse... "now please don't think I'm just a shameless hussey / but I'd like to share the joys that I have found / and if you're thinking 'doesn't he or does he?' / well... I JUST LOVE TO BE GAGGED AND BOUND..."



DEAN...
a God of love for the new millennium

Forget the New Wave of New Romanticism, the Dean Friedman revival starts here. Anyone for a Martini?....

I like being a poet. You can be a poet, too. Use this page to write your own poem. Don't forget to sign your name!





I USED TO THINK A
GOOD TONGUEING
WAS SOMETHING YOUR
MUM GAVE YOU WHEN
SHE WAS ANGRY...

... then I discovered

Cunnilingus

History's stories that
we half remember —
most of them never get
written down and so
when they say things like
'WE'RE GOING TO DO
IT BY THE BOOK'

You have to ask

"what book?"

because it would make
a big difference if
it was DOYSTOYEVSKY or
JUST, y'know, "IVANHOE".

(LAURIE ANDERSON "same time tomorrow")